

"Christmas in Prison" - FB - (Mandolin)

John Prine

Arranged & Tabledited
by Tom Arri 2018
BanjoTom2.ORG

G: Vocals...

C

G

3 4	(Nothin' Yet)....	Etc.	Etc.	Etc.	Etc.
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G: MANDO INTRO...

C

G

3 4	0) 0) 0) 0) 0) 0) 5 2) 5) 5) 4) 2) 0) 0) 5) 0)
	R R R R R R R R R R R R R

D

G

6

Etc.	Etc.	Etc.	Etc.
------	------	------	------

D

G

H	0) 2) 0) 0) 0) 0) 0) 0) H Po 0) 0) 0) 0) H
	R R R R R R R R R R R R

(G)

G: Verse 1...

C

10

Etc.	Etc.	0 0	0 4	0	0 4	0 0	5 2	5
		It was	Christ-mas	in	pri - son	and the	food was	real

(G)

(Raked Arpeggio)...

G: Mando Back-Up...

C

H	0) 2) 5) 5) 0) 2) 3) 3) 3) 0)
	R R R R R R R R R R

15

G

(G)

D

5 4 2 2 0 0 0 2 0 2 0 2 0 2

good, we had tur - key and pis - tols, carved out of wood...

0 3 2 R 3 2 0 R 3 2 0 R 3 2 0 R 0 5 7 0 0 0 0 7 7 7 7

20

G

C

G

0 0 0 4 0 0 4 0 0 5 2 5 5 4 2 0 0 0

And I dream of her al-ways, e - ven when I don't dream, her name's on my

0 5 7 9 5 3 2 0 0 3 3 0 0 3 2 0 3 2 0

26

D

G

D: CHORUS...

Po

0 2 0 4 4 5 4 2 0 0 0 2 0 4

tongue and her blood's in my stream... Wait a - while

3 2 0 R 2 0 0 R 3 2 0 R 0 2 3 0 2 0 0 R 2 0 0 R

(Raked Arpeggio)...

D: Back-Up Mandolin...

32

C G C G D

e - tern - uh - ty _____, old Mo - ther Na-ture's got no - thin' on me _____...

38

D7 G C G

Come to me, run to me, come to me now _____, we're rol - lin' my

44

D G G (Mandolin Interlude Below)...

sweet - heart, we're flow-in', by _____ God... (Nothin' Here).... Etc.

(Raked Arpeggio)... G: MANDOLIN INTERLUDE...

50

C G

Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc.

C G

54

D G (G)

Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc.

D G (G)

58

G: Verse 2... C

Etc. 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 4 0 5 2 5 5 5 4 2 2

She re - minds me of a chess game with some-one I ad - mire _____ or a

(Raked Arpeggio)... G: Mando Back-Up... C

63

G (G) D

Po H

0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 0 0 4 0 2 0

pic - nic in the rain_____, af - ter a prair-ie fire____... Her

G (G) D

3 2 0 3 2 0 3 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 7 9 5

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

68

G C G

Po H

0 4 0 0 4 0 5 2 5 5 4 2 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 4 4

heart is as big as this whole gosh- darn jail____ and she's sweet-ter than sach - 'rin at a

G C G

3 2 0 3 2 0 0 3 0 0 3 2 0 3 2 0

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

74

D G D: CHORUS... C

Po H

5 4 0 2 0 0 2 0 4 5 5 2

drug - store sale____... Wait a - while____ re - tire - uh -

D G (Raked Arpeggio)... D: Back-Up Mandolin... C

2 0 0 3 2 0 0 2 0 0 0 3 0 2

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

80

G C G D D7

H 2 5 5 5 0 5 2 0 0 4 0 2

ty_____, old Mo - ther Na-ture's__ got no - thin' on me_____...

G C G D D7

3 2 0 0 3 2 0 3 2 0 2 0 2 3 0

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

86

G C G

0 4 0 0 4 0 5 2 5 5 4 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 4

Come to me, run to me, come to me now_____, we're rol - lin' my sweet - heart, we're

G C G

3 2 0 3 2 0 0 3 2 0 3 2 0 3 2 0

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

92

D G G (Mandolin Interlude Below)...

Po H (Nothin' Here).... Etc.

5 4 0 2 0

flow-in', by____ God...

D G (Raked Arpeggio)... G: MANDOLIN INTERLUDE...

2 0 0 3 2 0 0 0 2 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

R R

97

C G

Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc.

C G

101

D G (G)

Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc.

D G (G)

105

G: Verse 3... C

Etc. 0 0 0 0 5 2 5 Po H

The search-light in the big yard, turns 'round with the gun and

(Raked Arpeggio)... G: Mando Back-Up... C

110

G (G) D

spot-lights the snow-flakes, like the dust in the sun... It's

G (G) D

115

G C G

Christ-mas in pri-son, there'll be mu-sic to - night, I'll prob-'ly get home - sick, I

G C G

121

D G D: CHORUS... C

love you, good - night... Wait a - while... re - tire - uh -

D G (Raked Arpeggio)... D: Back-Up Mandolin... C

127

G C G D D7

H 2 5 5 5 0 5 2 0 0 4 0 2

ty_____, old Mo - ther Na-ture's__ got no - thin' on me_____...

G C G D D7

3 2 0 0 3 2 0 3 2 0 2 0 3 2 0

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

133

G C G

0 4 0 0 4 0 5 2 5 5 4 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 4

Come to me, run to me, come to me now_____, we're rol - lin' my sweet - heart, we're

G C G

3 2 0 3 2 0 0 3 2 0 3 2 0 3 2 0

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

139

D G: End...

Po H 0

5 4 0 2 0

flow-in', by____ God...

D G: End...

2 0 0 0 2 3

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

VERSE 1...

It was Christmas in prison and the food was real good...
We has turkey and pistols carved out of wood...
I dream of her always even when I don't dream...
Her name's on my tongue and her blood's in my stream...

CHORUS...

Wait a while eternity...
Old Mother Nature's got nothin' on me...
Come to me, run to me, come to me now...
I'm rollin' my sweetheart...
I'm flowin' by God...

VERSE 2...

She reminds me of a chess game with someone I admire...
Or a picnic in the rain after a prairie fire...
Her heart is as big as this whole goddamn jail...
And she's sweeter than saccharine at a drug store sale...

CHORUS...

VERSE 3...

The search light in the big yard turns 'round with the gun...
And spotlights the snowflakes like the dust in the sun...
It's Christmas in prison there'll be music tonight...
I'll probably get homesick, I love you, Good night...

CHORUS...

...

Songwriters: JOHN PRINE
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